GONARCH'S LAIR

Pony Music, Gunslingers, and The Great Escape from Xen

A mixtape by Vylet Pony — MMXXVI — Project No. 22

All music, vocals, production, mixing, & mastering by
Zelda Trixie Lulamoon (Vylet Pony), except where otherwise noted

Written and Recorded at *Mewthree Productions* in Portland, Oregon
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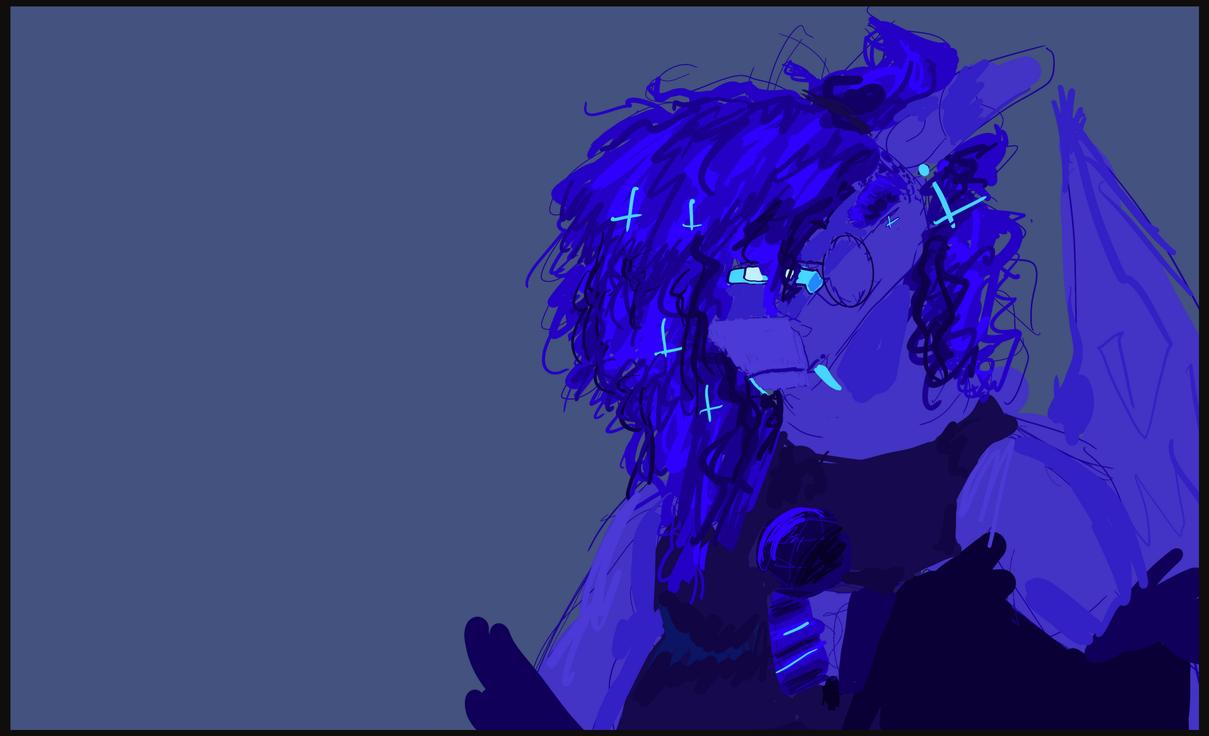
Album Cover: Dexter Daybreaker

Other illustrations: aziebites, cate wurtz (18+ only), Cindercory,
Coffee Soda (18+ only), Dawnfire, Dexter Daybreaker, Emile Fortune,
Feather, glacier_clear (18+ only), junosartz (18+ only), larvaecandy,
lichenbug (18+ only), moepaw, Ninnydraws, Plushiecore, QuadrupedQueen,
Ropehare (18+ only), Shyshyoctavia, & Vylet Pony

Album & Booklet Design: Vylet Pony

Track 1 — Features vocals & writing from lulamoon,
Track 3 — Features vocals from Feather
Track 4 — Features dialogue from Ninnydraws
and additional recordings from plushiecore & larvaecandy
Track 5 — Features additional recordings from Ninnydraws and larvaecandy
Track 6 — Features vocals by Chi-Chi
Track 7 — Features vocals by NekoSnicker
and mastering engineering by (un)familiar
Track 8 — Features vocals & writing from zombAe and samples
"Everfree Aura" by Flutter Rex
Track 9 — Features vocals from Feather
Track 11 — Features additional production by maple

KTAP



Gonarch's Lair tells the fictional story of Lunarch... an ordinary pegasus girl. She is tasked with traveling to Xen, a hellish alien border world, in order to save her missing comrades. Upon her arrival, she is surprised to find that the once infernal realm had frozen over, permeated by The Living Ice, which devours the alien life of Xen.

In the Abandoned Hive Prison, she encountered corpses of her fallen allies strewn before the frail Interrobang, easily felled by Lunarch's Great Shotgun. No survivors were found; scraps of red fabrics lined the cages, the only remaining signs of the facilities bygone occupants.

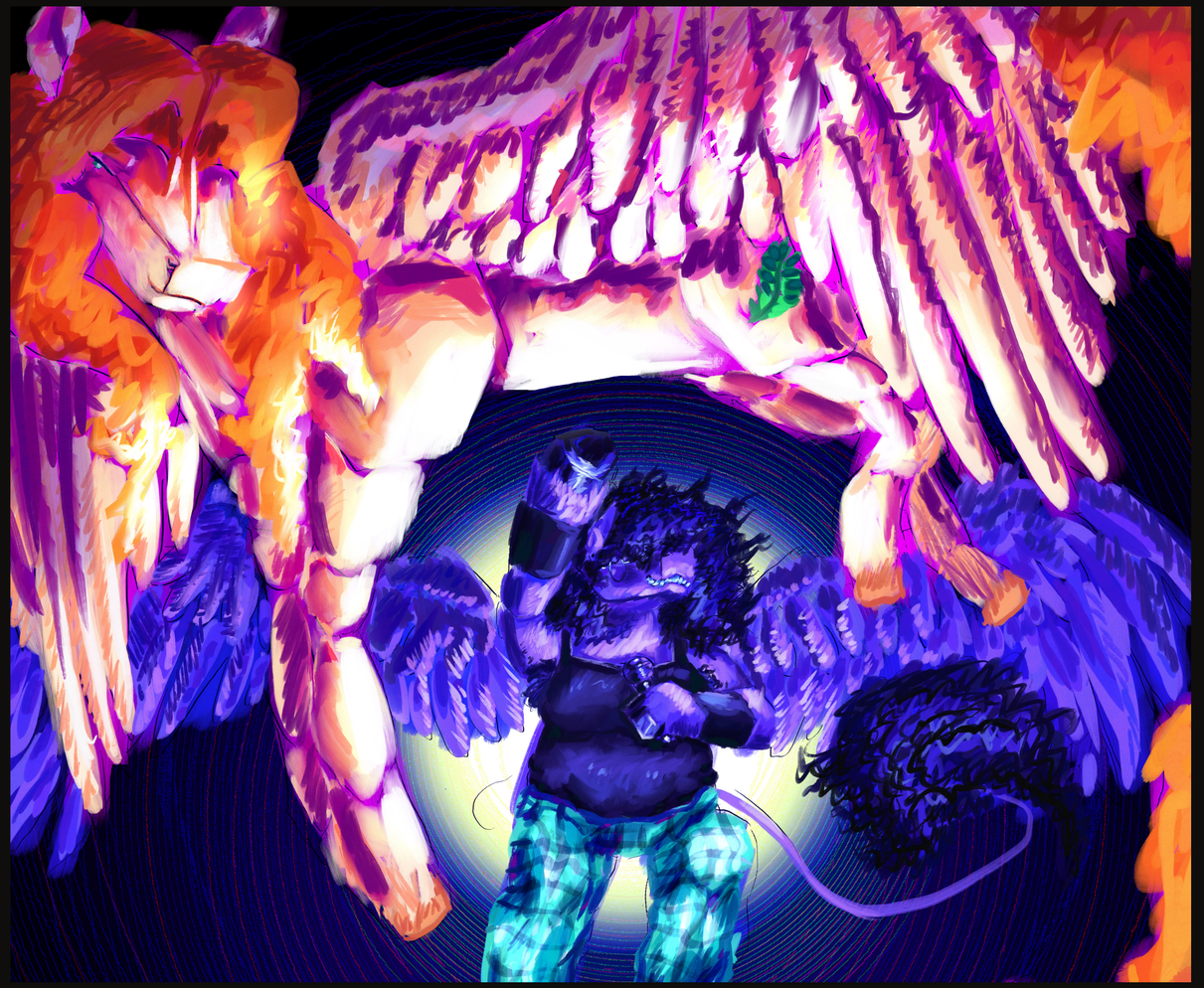
Then, she reached the Urchin Archipelago, a shattered cosmic peninsula edge which was once teeming with Bullsquids and Headcrabs. Now, every island had been slowly consumed by The Living Ice, with all the Xen life frozen in sludgy permafrost. Lunarch watched as the crystalline overgrowth was bombarded by overhead Xen spacecraft, but the plasma blasts barely scratched anything.

In a Crystal Cave of sorts, she saw memories of her popstar life on Earth, projected within the glassy spires. Strangely, only some of the memories were real, and some were imagined. It became impossible for her to sort through them, reality and fiction congealing in a primal alloy.

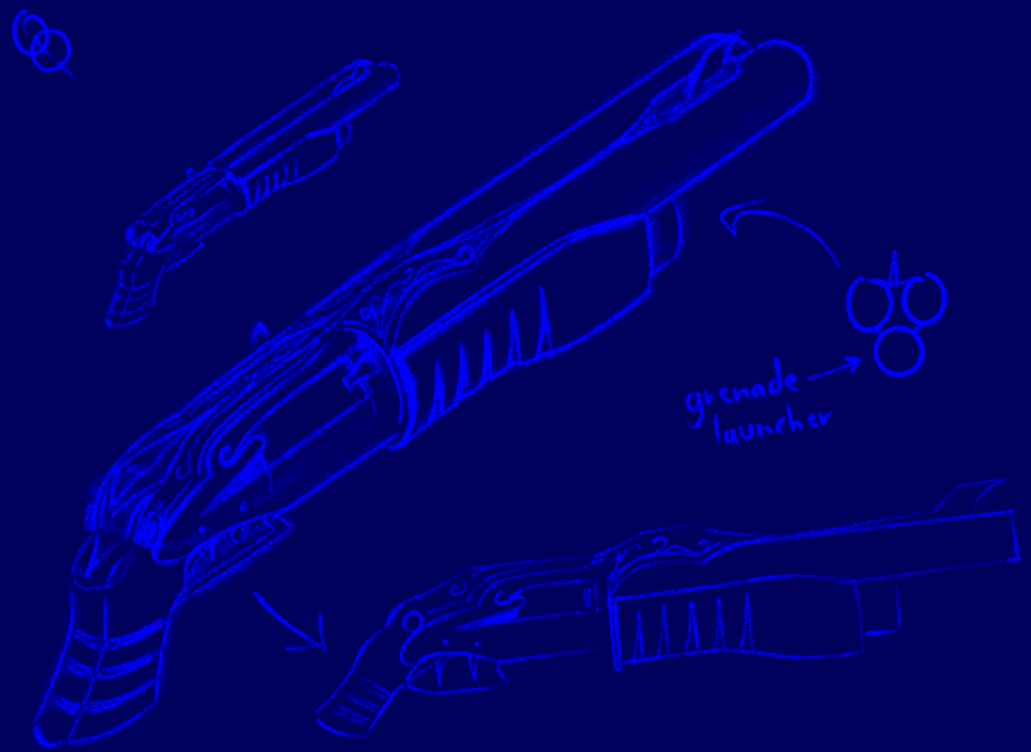
Lunarch followed down a trail of scattered apparatuses and scraps of leftover Earthling supplies, leading her to the Batty, an Earthly creature which had also found itself on the other side of the Xen portal. They traversed the Grotto Deep, a cavernous expanse which laid relatively untouched by the outside. They rallied the Antlions along the way.

On the Plateau Overlook, Lunarch and Batty encountered the Gunslinger Snarl, a pegasus just like Lunarch. Snarl explained that their fellow Earthling Ponies had lodged at the Overlook, studying the growth of The Living Ice over several months, until glaciers had overrun the Plataeu. Once the Ice had taken over, the surviving Ponies headed north to seek more suitable shelter.

They eventually found themselves in the craggy Lair of the Gonarch, a frigid and dusky domain, home to the Headcrab mother herself. It appeared she had been the source of The Living Ice, glacial tendrils and warped crystals cracked beneath her step. And, indeed, the remaining Earthling Ponies were there too, huddled deep within the Lair. But as Lunarch, Batty, and Snarl attempted to extract the survivors, the frostbitten Gonarch lashed out. No battle could have been fiercer, or so they thought. The Antlions proved to be a noble allies, after all. When the Headcrab mother was finally bested, the surviving Ponies turned on Lunarch and her companions. Their minds had been fully warped and consumed by the Gonarch and her Living Ice. Lunarch knew they could no longer be saved. So, she gorged upon the Gonarch's essence, absorbing her power, and using it against the Earthling Ponies, so that her companions could live another day.



Upon returning to Earth, she mourned the loss of her old allies, surrounded instead by new ones. What became of her mission, then? Had she succeeded or failed? The only thing that was certain was that the Lair had changed her forever. She was the pegasus who had slain the Gonarch and absorbed its essence, a novel power to the Earthlings. Indeed, all Strawmen have nine lives, and she had taken but none. For now, she would elucidate her trials to the Earthlings by way of song, Pony Music of fables strung by keen threads of truth.


grenade
launcher

Writing: Zelda Lulamoon (Vylet Pony) & lulamoon
Music: Vylet Pony
Vocals: Vylet Pony & lulamoon
Production, Mixing, & Mastering: Vylet Pony
Cover Art: Dexter Daybreaker

outlaw (ft. lulamoon)

This town ain't big enough.

Check yourself at the door, I know more than you think. Debt on the scoreboard, kicking up a stink. Form right over function, takes a bitch to do it right. Blood on your land when you're losing every fight. You know how we do it on the bodies of your men. Put a bullet where his brain should be, plucked right off the stem. Double barrel shotty, pump that shit he's rabbid. Another has-been in the bag, stitched up by a faggot. Yuh.

Fall to your knees mortal.

Outlaw me bitch, outlaw me bitch, outlaw me bitch, then this shotty boutta put you out of the 'biz. Outlaw me bitch, outlaw me bitch, outlaw me bitch, then this shotty boutta put you out of the 'biz.

Line the men up the wall, bag their heads with a smile. Send these mic'd up boys to the redneck trials. Yeah, shoot a dog just to fear the bite. It's on sight. Salt the wounds of the snow, 'cuz it's fuck ice. The new town square ritual: public castration. Throwing bricks at the straights, making queer vengeance great again. Red hat and glasses skipped all his classes. All these motherfuckers put their money where their ass is.

Outlaw me bitch, outlaw me bitch, outlaw me bitch, then this shotty boutta put you out of the 'biz.

He's such a stupid as hell, white, bratty incel. Nobody has to kill him, 'cuz he'll do it himself. He's like "41 percent," but everybody can tell even though his god ain't real, he already in hell. Oh, fuck. And he's just doing fucking dirty work. He don't know that he's just a tweet of someone's birdy bird. He likes his guns, but he's just scared of words. He's gonna jump just 'cuz he heard 'she/her'

Outlaw me bitch, outlaw me bitch, outlaw me bitch, then this shotty boutta put you out of the 'biz.

Aye yo she cuddle the Ruger EC9S, not no Blajaj. SS on mama's hotspot, sticks cook 'em like hotpot. N**ga, fuck Judy Hopps, Jim Hopper, and Robocop. You by the throne, spit shinin' my spot, n**ga. They scan her fit on Google Lens. They call her Open Carrie since they Sauer with a SIG. Aye, roll up your Top Five 'cuz she cool with smokin' on mids. Make you horse famous, Colt 45, put you on Fox 10.

Even the terfs think she really him. Dyke with a ArmaLite for ice, and a 9 for the 2 and 10. Shawty dump the shit, then get in the whip and then get in the wind. Aye yo, I strut my shit, I pull up my skirt and then stuff in a stick. And if I boymode, it's preme dunks, my nails glitter. Don't melee with mini Hitlers, we hit 'em with holo tippers. And if you unaware of what we do with MAGA N**gas. Ask Grok, my Glock pop, you haunting a data center, pussy.

Tell 'em.

Hahaha

Aye, anon, ask Grok to tie your noose for you.

Aye, yuh, aye

You the Combine, breaking every single tourist trap under your step, on a fine line. Bumble out the Gonarch Lair on a Rhine dime. My sign says all of you bitches are gonna do time, time. Cry bitch, there's nothing great to replace, only the hive minds. I find every white man in contempt. Wannabe terrorists invading every space that they can't bench. Here's the sitrep, Camp Cracker's overrun and spent. You can outlaw the idea, but you can't run from Ol' Betsy

Yo. Pop, pop out on 12. HECU V. the HEV from hell. "We can always tell," pray tell. All it takes is ashen one, to demon fell. All the men outlevel health, but got no mana for the spells. Running up the L's. Gunning for themselves. Give 'em cells, solitary sells. Televise it to their kin, loving Christ compels. We never shot first, but the smoking gun smells of a red hat brat the Rainbow Mafia's about to shell.

Yeah, I'm loosing up now.

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Cover Art: larvaecandy

?! or, Interrobang

Wait he put something, 'I am going to see you grandpa.' This guy is fucking broken.

I'll put the ponies on top, but it's just for me. Take ten trots back, bad man, "filly". I do it for the girls in the back, not the man with the real bad step. Show him how we do it.

Right now—talks nonstop in her sleep—pony! Right now—over and—quieter than you!

Little man needs to get himself tame, tame, tamed. Silly boy don't see his own shame, shame, shame. Put a cage on that muzzle, if he wanna see the mares. You don't even wanna know the fucking look on his parents.

Right now—talks nonstop in her sleep—pony! Right now—over and—quieter than you!

He's like, "Oh my god? My parents love me!" We've got a mama's boy! Yeah, 'cuz I'm a mean, mean girl.

He's shouting in the hall, twig thinks he's a tree. Skin like a dove, he gets burned for free. Thinks the whip was funny, but he's just a geek. Put him first in line, work him 'till he's weak. Says his lines in front of the mirror, but can't stand his own reflection. He learned them from some guy, he don't know what it means, but now it's everyone else's problem.

Sometimes he's a 'she.' She thinks she's one of the 'good ones,' putting on a show for the buzzcut bums. Ring out, wring in, for the nameless kingpin, 'till the curtain falls and she's next. Baby girl, you better run real fast, you don't gotta be like him. 'Cuz the kingdom's gotta fall one day, and it's never too late to pull the pin.

Right now—talks nonstop in her sleep—pony! Right now—over and—quieter than you!

Anyway he hopes that she will stay. It's just for the laughs, for the jokes, no bills to pay. Put it in the bag, dumb bray. So tough with your toys, so tough when your pussy ass evades.

Right now—talks nonstop in her sleep—pony! Right now—over and—quieter than you!

He's like "Oh my god? I don't give a fuck." He cried himself to sleep! Yeah, 'cuz I'm a mean, mean girl.

He's shouting in the hall, twig thinks he's a tree. Skin like a dove, he gets burned for free. Every day he wears the same all-over print tee Everybody stares and thinks, "this fucking freak.' Says his lines in front of the mirror, but can't stand his own reflection. Johnny boy, can your god testify in court? Or is he your imagination?

Interrobang?! Interrobang?!

Writing: Zelda Lulamoon (Vylet Pony)
Music: Vylet Pony
Vocals: Vylet Pony & Feather
Production, Mixing, & Mastering: Vylet Pony
Cover Art: cindercory

PONY MUSIC (ft. Feather)

Yeah, woah. Pony out, pony out. Pony Music. I'm beating a dead horse with this shit, but this enough pony samples for you, you pussy ass bitch? Oh, Pony Music.

Said, 'you wouldn't,' but I did. 'Swear, she shouldn't,' but I did. Pony Music for the win. "Poser shit," you a bitch. And I've been at this shit for way too long, yeah, yeah.

See me on my blips, I don't need no sitch. I lick those dots then dip, then make these pony hits. I don't need no bitch, I don't need no bitch. I just need friendship, then love the audience.

Yeah, uh. Hear that Big Mac go 'click.' Fuck the B's going mid. ABC For a kid. This shit 146. I ice these losers' wrists. These ponies trying to grift, this bitch she talkin' with.

'Cuz I don't wanna be like you baby. Been doing my own thing lately.

See me on my blips, I don't need no sitch. I lick those dots then dip, then make these pony hits. I don't need no bitch, I don't need no bitch. I just need friendship, then love the audience.

I've been making buckets, it was writ. Repping Daly City, hitting clips. Seductive Crew, baby, they were my bitches. Yak City, Izzy with me, babe. Shit's been getting worse and I hate it. It's not bout the ponies, it's the raging. Ghosts of pony past, stop your grieving. Feather came back, knew we could save it. Bitch.

Once upon a time... I was playing Archie and PinkiePieSwear on the road back. Still the future's bright... Some bitches never get it, that this shit's been our whole life. I've been In Her Garden, at The Gala, at The Wedding, Hooves Up High. To be pony is to dance with the lights. How do we take it back? Trot out your own fucking path, when you're in the doldrums, just leave them behind.

This is real west coast Pony Music.

(Though it seems cold, on this cold black night. The sun has set, let's bring it back to life) — [Sing a song about life]

I've known good, I've known bad. Don't mistake this old fag. Discord gone and played a fad, when real bitches want SGAP. I've been long undercover, playing these men and their mothers. I've been out here, worse before, now I tame that beast, just like Flutters. Letter, call the princess. Requiem for the rest. I've been dropping bets, hive been minding nests, "Uni Days" were the best. Dashie all in that box. All these bitches are talk. Blank flanks gon' tank face, spamming 'based,' 'cuz they're mogged, yuh.

'Cuz I don't wanna be like you baby. Been doing my own thing lately.

See me on my blips, I don't need no sitch. I lick those dots then dip, then make these pony hits. I don't need no bitch, I don't need no bitch. I just need friendship, then love the—

May these thousand Winters swiftly pass... May these thousand Winters swiftly pass...

Uh, Pony Music

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Vocals: Vylet Pony
Production, Mixing, & Mastering: Vylet Pony
Cover Art: Ninnydraws

122 (skit) with Ninnydraws

You're listening to 32.8 The Dead. Songs that will kill you and your family. And it would be so much funnier to kill you. I'M GROWING!

Get the hottest scoop here.

Fucking worthless braindead scumf— b— pile of trash, m— d— that should be gunned down in the street like the d— he is.

If you tickle me, and I laugh, it lowkey ain't funny.

—black and orange, blue on blue. I've been eating at Chevy's, I've been driving them Chevy's, I've been earning them Chevy's, I've been making them Bevvies. I'm OG on the dime. Squirt a lime, like I'm Darlene Prime. New anchovy on the block, would you look at the time?

Ride or die for 122. Breaking it down, I plue for you. Silent city calls you too. Black and orange, blue on blue.

Gwen, what the fuck is this?

Fuck, I, I like to call it my horrorcore Memphis Moment.

Bitch, the ponies are not ready for that, you gotta chill.

Honestly, the ponies are never ready for anything, I don't know what makes this different.

It's those Drift Phonk guys, you gotta wait for them to stop acting out

Sigh. Okay, no you're right, I get it, I get it.

Can you to the Batty Freestyle?

Batty Free— I'm trying to get people— This, this is a serious mixtape you know.

The fuck it is, loosen up a little.

Batty, on Batty. Alright fine but you have to say Batty once in it, at least once

Okay bet, bet.

Okay, alright, we'll do it.

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BATTY FREESTYLE

Going batty on this shit, yeah. I say I put it on.

Batty, on Batty. Yuh. Put it on Batty, Batty. Batty, Batty, Batty. I'm going, Batty. Eek that, Batty. Tweak that, Batty. Who's that? Batty.

I put the Batty, on Batty, on Batty, on Batty, on Bat. Excelent. I give the Batty a million, billion, trillion, racks. Batty, O' Batty, O' Batty, pick up the phone. Excelent. You already know who it is, 'cuz this Bat is home.

Batty, on Batty. Bat, bat, bat. Put it on Batty, Batty. Batty, Batty, Batty. Hit that, Batty. Kick that, Batty. White Vans, Batty. Oh damn, Batty.

I call that Batty Tatty. I crown that Batty Tatty. I know that Batty Tatty. Bass for the Batty Tatty.

Batty, on Batty. Put it on Batty, Batty. Batty, Batty, Batty. Clusp that, Batty. Gloach that, Batty. Smoke that, Batty. Home run, Batty.

Batty, on tatty, on watty, on Batty, on tatty, on wat. Excelent. Imminent fatty is catty, on watty, on tatty, on Bat. Batty, O' Batty, O' Batty, you know the rules. Excelent. Putting the Bat on the Gat, and cap all the fools.

Yeah, Batty's a baddie. It's getting you maddie. Yeah, double the patties, and give 'em to Batty.

Batty, on Batty. Put it on Batty, Batty. Batty, Batty, Batty. I'm going, Batty. Swerve that, Batty. Fried chicken, Batty. Freestyle, Batty

This is way too long, I'm so sorry. Rest in peace, Glupini. Batty, Batty, Batty, Batty

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Cover Art: aziebites

clusper (ft. Chi-Chi)

I'm purple and I'm smart. (x8)

Put it on my shit, I'll put all of my friends up. We struck you off the list, I couldn't with your tastes, but. Prancing Pradas, I won't see you in the girls club. Fuck the BB's, I put a guns up to your clusterfuck.

Clusp, clusp, you know that I've got clusper. She don't know the magic words, so I don't give a fuck 'bout her. Tough, tough, you know we're getting tougher. Axing like Rude Buster, interrobang gon' suffer.

'Cuz I know you wanna be us so bad. 'Cuz I know you wanna be us so bad.

Yeah, Percival, and I spin it. But I've been Lucario. I've been stacking slats, and I've been stacking up your hoe. I've been trading your secrets, and now everybody knows. You just made some lists, now every door's about to close. Yeah. You not in the club, I've been taking care of my own. I've been chilling with that Azie, I've been Moon Lighting that Gloach, yuh. Pow, pow, pow, you've been gutter, when I tank. Putting HD in the bank, 100 thousand when you sank, yuh.

Yeah, I don't fuck with 'Horse or Die' shit. It's pony, if you ride, bitch. Don't care if you don't like it. I, I been blocking bitches like you, since I stopped being like you, like you

'Cuz we speakin' nonsense, you wouldn't get it. 10 trots back, wouldn't catch you with a credit. Earthmover bitch, we just breaking surface tension. You don't have no mission, stay out my fucking mentions.

Clusper on the step, you've been drowning since you leapt. I've been founding since I left. This that shit that you don't get. Grind the blade up on that pest You know who's putting the best. I won't clean your fucking mess, yeah

I'm purple and I'm smart (x8)

'Cuz I know you wanna be us so bad. 'Cuz I know you wanna be us so bad.

A pale beast that lived long, long ago. We don't even know what exactly it was!

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Vocals: Vylet Pony & NekoSnicker
Production & Mixing: Vylet Pony
Mastering: Vylet Pony & (un)familiar
Cover Art: glacier_clear (18+ only)

blankflank2 (ft. NekoSnicker)

Blank flank, blank flank, blank flank. I don't wanna hear another word out ya. Blank flank, blank flank, blank flank. Take it to the top, and you know what I'll do with it. Blank flank, blank flank, blank flank. I don't wanna hear another word out ya. Blank flank, blank flank, blank flank. Take it, take it, take it to the top.

I've seen him on the walls, growing greener than the grass. Dotted with that face, he could never shake that ass. He's got a question, it's on his person. He don't like me, 'cuz he don't know 'bout the first thing. Baby boy been out the house too long. And he's staring at the floor, he don't wanna change the song. He's in the shadow of a nameless friend. Put a tail on that ass, he don't wanna see the end.

You cheated, you lied. You cheated, you lied. (this line is an inside joke between me and Syzy)

Now let me hear you say: "Batty, batty, batty, batty, batty, batty, batty." Batty, batty, batty, batty, batty, batty, batty. I'm going batty on your bitch ass, spikes pierce thin skin. Cap a red hat clot, for his little pony sins. Grown man, shit, he's throwing his bet. 20,000 bits, just to get his charity cred. We know what you are blank flank, you're mine. Putting you in the grave with Horse or Die.

Blank flank. blank flank. Sit down, sit down, sit down. You don't even wanna know what we know, what we know. But there's really no where that you can go, start praying. Blank flank. blank flank. Sit down, sit down, sit down. Talking so much when everybody's gotta speak, but when you finally get quiet they all know that you a freak.

Yeah. Trend, trend, trendfucker. Didn't really bite, 'till I met your mother, oh. Going loco in the coco. Flashing pickups, but they're whack, 'cuz it's BOGO. Man said, 'You a tourist, you a bitch,' but he's watching little girl shows, trying not to seem amiss. Woah, sit up straight when he's posing. Run it back to a time when the bro was out the pony.

Young man, get down from there. Yeah, here little pussy, get some nip, get some air. You get no net, brick fair. I'm on my throne, little bitch, get out my motherbucking lair. He only whistles to the dogs, 'cuz only dumb bitches listen to him. So if he got a blank flank, laugh it up and put a pistol to him.

[You look terrible, you've been wounded]

You cheated, you lied. You cheated, you lied.

Won't let you make the rest of us look bad. 'Cuz you're a real eyesore, baby. Just 'cuz you don't belong anywhere, don't mean that you should fake it here.

Blank flank, blank flank. Sit down, sit down, sit down. You don't even wanna know what we know, what we know. But there's really no where that you can go, start praying. Blank flank, blank flank. Yo, who's got it better than us? Uh, who can stop us now, who can stop us now? Who can stop us now, who can stop us now?

Blank flank. blank flank. Sit down, sit down, sit down. You don't even wanna know what we know, what we know. But there's really no where that you can go, start praying. Blank flank. blank flank. Sit down, sit down, sit down. Talking so much when everybody's gotta speak, but when you finally get quiet they all know that you a freak.

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Production, Mixing, & Mastering: Vylet Pony
Cover Art: ropehare (18+ only)
Heavily samples "Everfree Aura" by Flutter Rex and
"Eccentric Severe Tumors YTP" by
Ellie Spectacular / DaThings1

eccentric tumors (ft. zombAe)

When we talk about customer service, most of us think of customer service. But there's more to it than customers, there's service.

I'll take a pound What? I'll take a pound. LOL.

Bitch 'so eccentric,' they think they're eccentric. I know, I know, I know. They all in my mentions. He don't know real, she don't know real, they don't know real, it don't know real. Dollar store sponge on my reels.

I wish you well, but fuck off of my tail. Ooh baby girl. You fucked up the spell. Pull that fishing line in. Ooh that's fishy dining. I'd rather be lining, in the aisles pining.

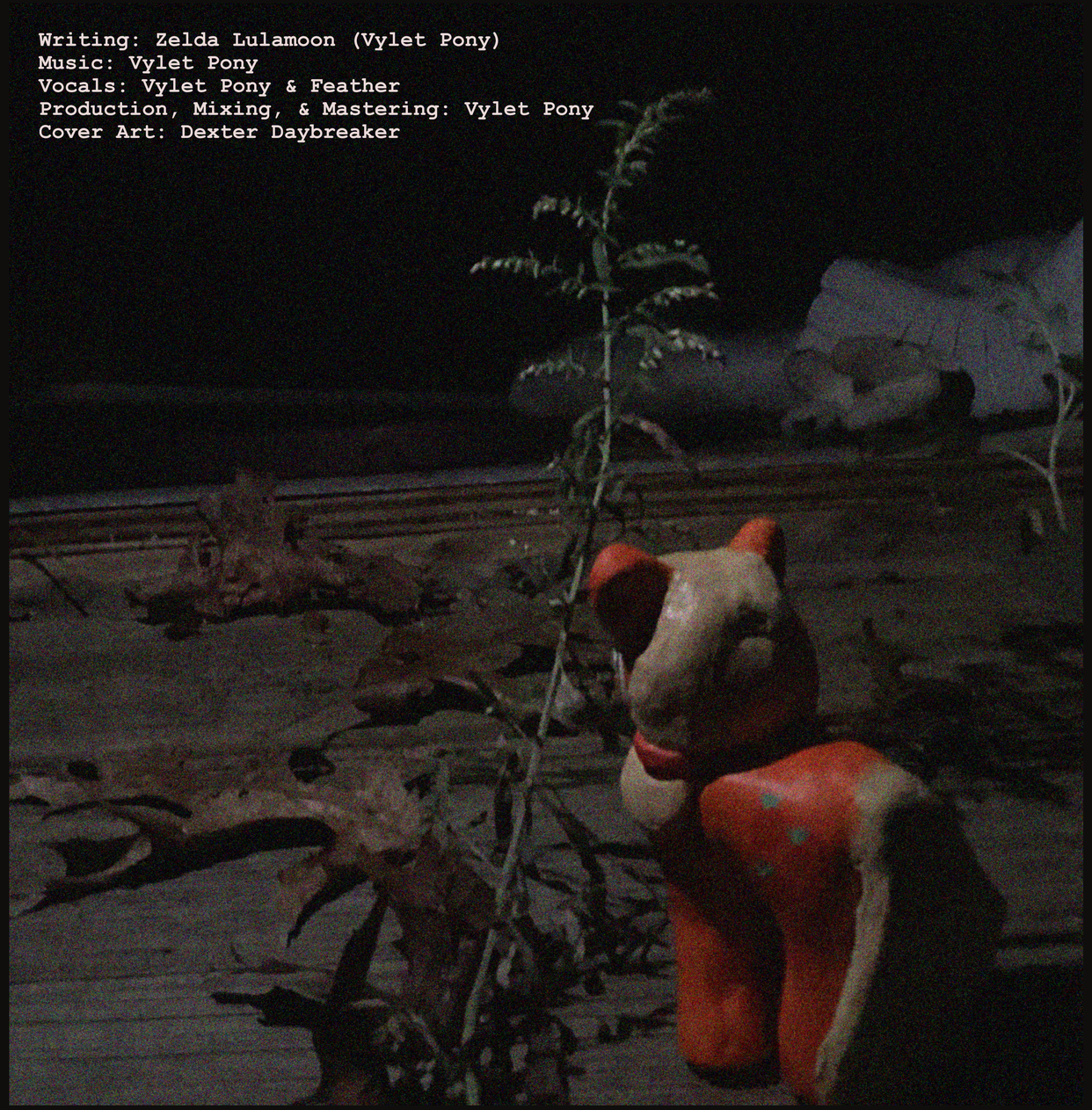
Take it off, take—

Put the tips on you your service is fucked. Used to serve custies and now I serve cunt. Lula came metaphor, I'm talking blunt and I won't stop until Trump's in a blunt. That's pretty soon, Imma need an extension, you pedants just adding some M's to my pension. The lines that you write get you sent to detention. Can't beef with no one that don't claim no dependents. You know I'm a zombie, see Bleach on the TV. They cut me they turn into fans, bitch I'm gigi. It's GG no re, whipping work like riri. This rap shit the alphabet, it's ending with Z. Bitch fuck your album, go scrap that CD. Nail through your hard drive, CTRL, Alt, Delete. Block everyone who makes YouTube tutorials. Delete your DAWs and go download Factorio

Everfree, everfree on that. Getting you lost in the forest, who dunnit? Rex Rex that Flutter. Clearance boys hoarding the butter. I got the silencer, zombAe got the .50. I'll take a pound of the best. Say that dumb shit and get spent.

Barry hitter, I'll do what it takes. Dark lurking in the boards, so I can be in the game. Dead man on the wharf, Peter Pan starting wars.. Strut good 'fore the lore. And put a red dot outta shore.

Kind of aggrevation. Kind of aggrevation. Kind of aggrevation. Take a moment and look in the mirror.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Production, Mixing, & Mastering: Vylet Pony
Cover Art: Dexter Daybreaker

gonarch's lair (ft. Feather)

When I pulled the sword from the stone, casting shadows from the room, headed back from Ravenholme. A stormy night, a haunted tune. Once reflected in the Everclear, boys without names became men yet untamed, contained, estranged. Some wandering lame, two doors shut on the flame, no name to conquer the pain. Piano man plays through the dialtone, as biker gangs descend from Ravenholme. Should've stayed at home.

Mother of many, daughter of none. Bodies are plenty, spoiled in rum. I know their secrets, I know my own. Call to the beast. Bring our men home.

Oh, deep inside the lair. Oh, deep inside the—

Yeah, Black Ops hit the black top in the black gulch, just to plug the Rot. Strapped up in chainmail, hollow sludge, sickened pale. Ancient spells, secret trails. Platinum ships with flaming sails. Cascade for a Lucatiel, Fuck these metros, I won't fail. Newgens want heroes, new gent on death row. Smoke a bitch in the big house, then run it back, let the coppers joust. No apologies for the blank flanks. Took 'bucka down just to hang blanks. Never knew me 'till the ship sank. Killed a headcrab for a blank slate.

Oh, deep inside the lair. Oh, deep inside the—

Yeah, interrobang be like Corner Folk. Clock a bitch 'till he's on the ropes. I did his tricks, I hit his dope. Put him on the list, so flies the crow. So flies the crow like a bullet. Quadruped? Bitch, I knew it. He a changeling, but in change he ain't affluent, uh. Newly wed to the wine, fish, and bread. Washing every fed 'till the rivers run red. Going down and out on the undertow, 'till I drag 'em down like a siren. Scale every cell for the redhats for the fires they're first in line in.

So then, paper men were shouting about a girl they never knew. Old men in black suits, screaming at children on the news. Piano man held his breath as the biker men stripped ones and twos. Same ones they soap boxed on the news, on the news.

The ice melts under the heat of our sons. Battered walls only go when they come. Girls just wanna have fun. The revolution is found in our fun. Founded in front.

In the bright candlelight of neon, shadows come alive. Tapestries, burned long ago, 'fore the eons of our time.

It rode as cavalry, rending alien earth in its wake. Taking brothers, sisters, siblings, fourside butterflies, cindered ash as the mother quaked. Another terrible fate. Spines of marrow grate walls of flesh and crimson shade, as bad men went unfazed.

Against the cave, that beast holds fast. But inside the cage a gilded feast would last with men riding in packs; their backs turned, past is past. Silver pen dotting sins, traitors raised half mast. I went and killed the person that I were, slaying every heretic that still worships her Man said, "Don't you dare go hollow, gunning metros down." Every nine letters, memories blur, chaos follows now. Fuck the sorry sod, unburdened with patience, befaded by wastrels. Revalations for men with debt temptations. Gonarch cradles every fabled end. I can't save my friend. I can't save my friend.

Every war by men. I can't save my friend. Every pale grin. I can't save my friend.

Saw her standing there, hyena laugh. Practice needles, sewing deals as their knees collapsed. And as her pleas elapsed, at last undone. I saw her raise her fist, and black out the sun. Dog of circumstance, I pity you, but don't mistake this mercy killing as me forgiving you. Because heretics hail and herald your name. Bring out my dead, and your corpse profane.

Daugher of dragons, woman of sons. Slayer of demons, bleeding of rum. I know their secrets, I know my own. Fell every beast. No bringing them home.

Oh, deep inside the lair. Oh, deep inside the—

Yeah, dulled the blade against the renegade, now I'm sharp again. Make your play. Rallied hostiles in antiquity, now we pray and spray on white crusades. Every war was started by a man. "Boykisser?" Peter Pan. Put a flag up everytime he went and hid his hand. Process residue, 'till there's no trace of him left. Lord of Cinder, strike a smile, your darkest souls will all be spent. Yeah, corpse pile. No, corpse pile! Hold it way before, now we hold trials. Shoutout male loneliness, that epidemic gotta stay in style.

Oh, deep inside the lair. Oh, deep inside the—

Every biker man will be slaughtered, every banker man will be hung. Every flaghoister, pale cloister, red oyster. Wrung. Yeah, televise every minute. Push the boys to their limits. Melting glaciers with a—get out our cities. Fairytale for your kind. Do it in the game. Relax, silly boy, locker talk should be your middle name. How unforseen are the consequences when you know just what you do? Counting, or not counting your bitches? Fuck you roosters. Fuck your coup,

Writing: Zelda Lulamoon (Vylet Pony)
Music: Vylet Pony
Vocals: Vylet Pony
Production, Mixing, & Mastering: Vylet Pony
Cover Art: plushiecore
RIP Matt Kwasniewski-Kelvin

VPVPVP

Play, play, play, play.

Play right into my hooves, I know everything that you did. Everything is funny with the spotlight that you hid. VP VP VP on your spot, yeah. PVP PVP caught in a tree. You think you're the shit, I know better bitch, yeah. Man with a gun never got a stitch, yeah. Meow at the milkman, get the picture. Third time's a charm, I won't miss ya.

VPVPVPVP, PVPVPVP. Neighem at the crack of dawn, there won't be another song where I drop the 'pony' from. VPVPVPVP, PVPVPVP. Neighem at the crack of dawn. There won't be another song where I drop the 'pony' from.

Caught you worshipping the mirror that I pose for and I made. Your instincts are the fears that give me everything that I need. Won't you, won't you give me your soul. 'Cuz I lost mine once to a phantom toll. Baby I'm just tryna drop a blank, blank. I'll be putting on the heels, you'll be covering your flank. Baby boy said, "You won't get far in those." Pony up bitch, at night, this horse your father knows.

Yeah, VP on that bitch, 'cuz I sample like I missed her. PVP, these fighting herds pop out the blisters. Go easy with that hit, 'cuz I run circles with the pitcher. Bass on base, you might be limping to the bleachers.

Yeah, baby bitch think we the same. This mid died in '16. She a backwater TERF, putting slop into her derpy frame. See her trying for horse fame, got no shame, this dolt. Dropped her girls and bribed the colts, sorry excuse for an adult, uh. Dropped out, didn't cop out. Still love the game, won't stop now. Go pow, pow this bitch, please. Give the crown and die for me. Maybe once I wasn't better, but I know a bitch when I see. Now I'm grave robbing, your chest throbbing. I'll put 'em where they should be, uh.

VPVPVPVP, PVPVPVP. VPVPVPVP, PVPVPVP

Yeah, yeah. Oh, VP on the scene, 'cuz these dweebs think they're some thugs. Yeah, yeah. Oh, they're tying up that—'cuz all they'll ever do is tug. Yeah, yeah. He sees Equestria in that snort, I don't know if he can help himself. Yeah, yeah. I'm a Red Dead horse, I'll merk the old gang myself.

Only good ones are my own. I've seen these circles die, I don't trust them anymore. Pony Music is what you say it is. And I say it's me. Let me hear you say. Pony Music! Let me hear you say. Pony Music! Let me hear you say. Pony Music! Let me hear you say. Pony Music! And baby you know that I'm.

VPVPVPVP, PVPVPVP. Neighem at the crack of dawn, there won't be another song where I drop the 'pony' from. VPVPVPVP, PVPVPVP. Neighem at the crack of dawn. There won't be another song where I drop the 'pony' from.

Y'all see this?

Writing: Zelda Lulamoon (Vylet Pony)
Music: Vylet Pony & maple
Vocals: Vylet Pony
Production: Vylet Pony & maple
Mixing, & Mastering: Vylet Pony
Cover Art: lichenbug (18+ only)

modern talking ballet (ft. maple)

I've been the Queen of Misfits since you heard of me. Breaking my back on the waves, ever since Valerie. Every time fall asleep, I see where I picked the plants. Lily, the valley had once left me. Can I have this dance?

Talk talk talk. That's the modern ballet, yuh. Marking the, marking the map, I could do the shit all day. Talk talk talk, I be growling 'till it's late, yuh. Howling at the moon, while they cynic and parley.

If you don't like the song, why are you even on the video commenting in the first place?

Now I'm nostalgic for shit that I never loved. I think you've been on my mind, ever since I shot that dove. Call that shit 'corny,' well at least I'm growing something. You're a famined bitch while my fields are big and bustling. And you forget your place, it's all about, the game. If you don't fuck with modern talking, you disgrace this family name.

Yuh, yuh, this is real Pony Music, bitch. Hooves up high! Sister Maple on that beat, yuh. Hashtag Save Derpy, we shall not be silenced!

I see that look in your face, and I know what you've been thinking. Baby, just because I'm reeling don't mean that I hate you. I've been grown, I've been far, I've been tired lately. These bitches you've been hanging with, they need your fires greatly. Yolo Swaggins on that bitch, not a single fuck was given. Merk an AI bro for shits. Flutter shy like Assertive. Ever since the spark had faded don't mean Feather don't go crazy. Modern talking at you baby, braking hits out like I'm Tracey.

Yeah. Cee, I hope you're doing well. Do you remember me? Do you know where I've been? These people, man, I never thought I'd pull away. And that's the reason why we party, party. I knew I couldn't stay. So why's it hurt so bad, baby? That shit was my home

Is this another facade? Or my next big truth, 'cuz. Slats slats slats, spinning deep cut Sonny's, yeah. Bumping HQ's, if you don't fuck with, you no honey. Slats slats slats, keep it square like the Grummond. Drop it low for me, baby, when that bass starts bumping

We will survive. Switch.

Oh, father said, "You can find me on Broadway. Find me on Broadway." Find me on Broadway. Yeah, father said just to do it his way. But look at him now. Washed up beached thing, corpse of wisdom. Look and tell if you ever really meant shit. Bullet the tech guy, saving the blue skies as the garden burns. Burn as it should. Should've never said I would. I could hate it all, forever. Hell, if I even remember.

Girls just wanna tear your throat out with their teeth

All my opps gotta kill themselves. Poison the survivors, send them men to hell. I'm not talking 'bout the haters, I mean business with the incels. Bagging tr—lers from their families, put 'em in cells.

You know it's funny. I'm just jokin' man! You know it's funny. I'm just talking 'bout Minecraft. You know it's funny. I'm just jokin' man! You know it's funny. Little old me? You know it's funny. You know it's funny. You know it's funny. You know it's funny.

Oh, what's become of me? Corner of corners plea. 909 worldwide.

Yeah, rockstars, guitars don't do everything. Real music is a spark that comes from anything that breathes, yuh. We like to have fun here, baby, you don't know. Snails in that house, Grynpyret for Super Bowl, yeah. I was there when skin was treated, Aiden Jude when he got heated. Soundclown up, Memeless repeating. Sour Warhead, I was bleeding. I've been bleeding white and orange, Spinnin' Crackers where the lore is. SVDDEN DEATH, no rigor mortis. Fuck the posers and the tourists.

Dead world, but I still just want some respect on this shit. Yuh, big ER snapped, think my childhood's dying in a bit. And when I say we're modern talking, don't mean running, I mean walking. Smell the roses, play with chalky, don't grow up, but mature wonky. And don't lose your will to fight, every corner's getting tight I was day, then I was night, seeing siblings flying high

My hardcore fans, like, get what I do, and like, like the fact that I don't care, and like, I'm not, I'm not afraid to fail, or I'm not afraid to do something that everyone doesn't like.

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Music: Vylet Pony
Vocals: Vylet Pony
Production, Mixing, & Mastering: Vylet Pony
Cover Art: cate wurtz (18+ only)

SNARL AT YOUR FRIENDS!!!

Go 200 on a slenderman, snarl at your friends. Put a bitch inside the ocean, snarl at your friends. I got hooves I don't got no hands, snarl at your friends. I'll turn your dad into a megafan, snarl at your friends. That's no dog, that's fucking Megaman, snarl at your friends. Furries drop a couple million bands, snarl at your friends. Something's fishy, open up the cans, snarl at your friends. Bring the juicer, snipe the lemon stands, snarl at your friends.

Put it on his tab, put it on his tab, put it on his tab, yuh. Put it on his tab, put it on his tab, put it, uh.

Just married reFX Nexus, snarl at your friends. Vronut paradise in all this, snarl at your friends. Been fucking up that beat just like Nerkmidz, Nerkmidz. PokemonFanClubs.webs next, snarl at your friends. Aria forgive me for my disrespect, snarl at your friends. Hundred thousand gallons of that 40 red, snarl at your friends. I be racking up that fucking gamer cred, snarl at your friends. So much speed I'll go outrun the feds, snarl at your friends. Yuh, yuh!

I'm the number one movie in Equestria! Meow, meow, meow!

Put it on his tab, put it on his tab, put it, uh, awoo!

Baby it's game time, Pony Music for life. It's game time, can you feel the PonyHype? Put your hooves in the air, praise the Huntress of the night.

Snarl, snarl, snarl at your friends!!! (x4)

Do you know who you're fucking with? I've been at this shit before you ever stepped in it. And I'll kill you, snarl at your friends, if you tell me what to do again, snarl at your friends. And I'll score your bitch, snarl at your friends, while she listening.

Snarl, snarl, snarl at your friends!!! (x8)

When I realized I could hate you, snarl at your friends. I knew I'd never turn my back, snarl at your friends. I built new dreams just to bloodlet, snarl at your friends. Drank the gore from the bloodbath, snarl at your friends. I'm out here Chomby like the Fungus, snarl at your friends. Don't ice my shit? I make a ruckus, snarl at your friends. I put a bullet in a dumb bitch, snarl at your friends.

I PUT A BULLET IN A DUMB BITCH!!!!!!!!!

SNARL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!
SNARL!!!!!!!!!!!!!!

Dedicated to the Brony community, excluding the bad actors. It's Ponies forever, and ever, and ever. Fascists will never win. They're destined death.

Special thanks to Feather. It only took 10 years to finally work with each other, but we did it.

And of course... special thanks to all of my patrons on Patreon! An extra big shoutout to the Magic B*tch and up members:

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ZeroWins
Zoey
Zoobob
alph
artemis
beetlesprout
chryssi
deltaT
doomy
electric_sheepgirl
gryphon
kralkatorrik
lumplet
maphren
mollymawk
naomipony
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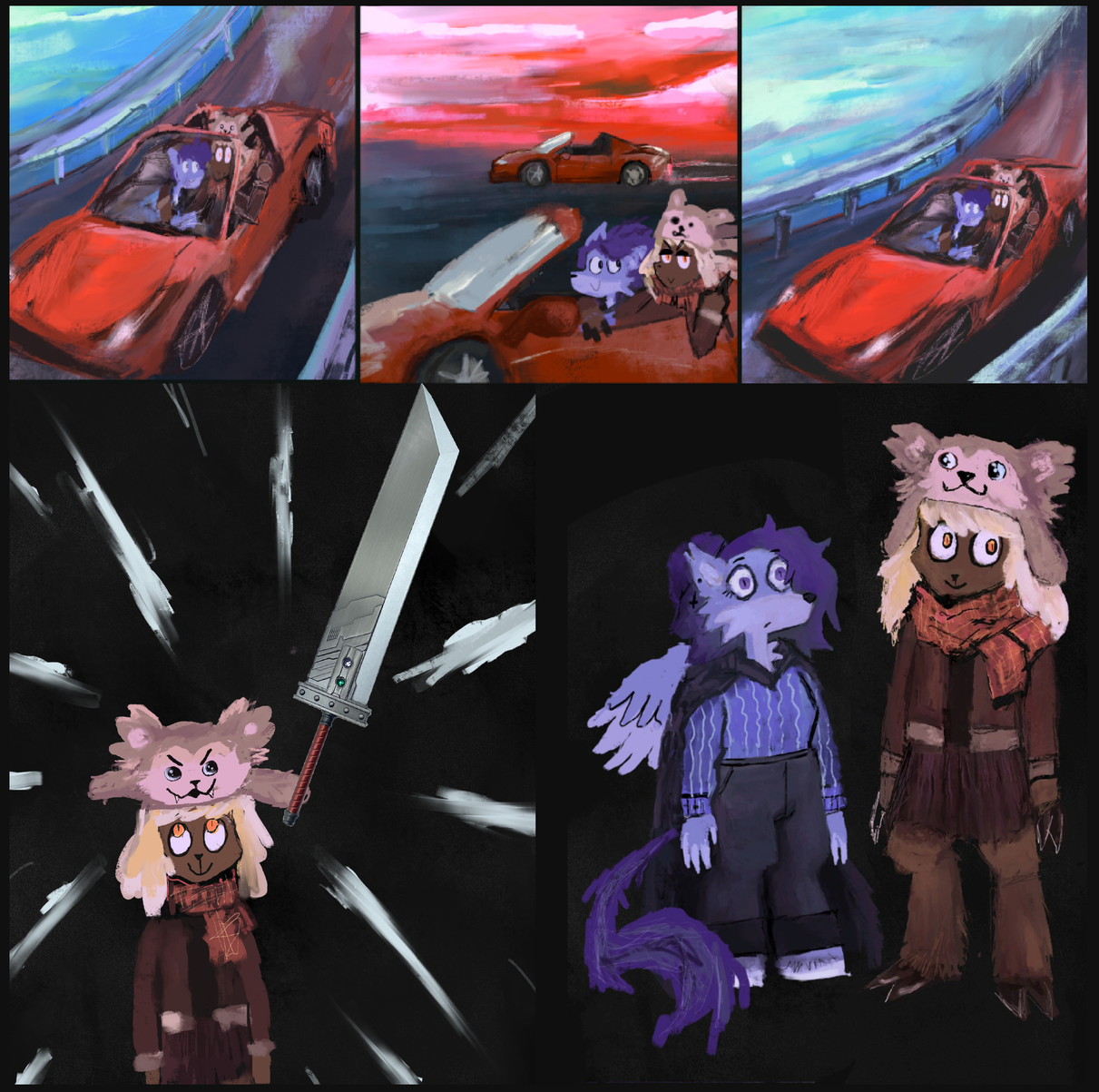
NO! YOU'RE SUPPOSED TO OBEY ME!!!

Plushiecore is the one who designed the Lunarch outfit.



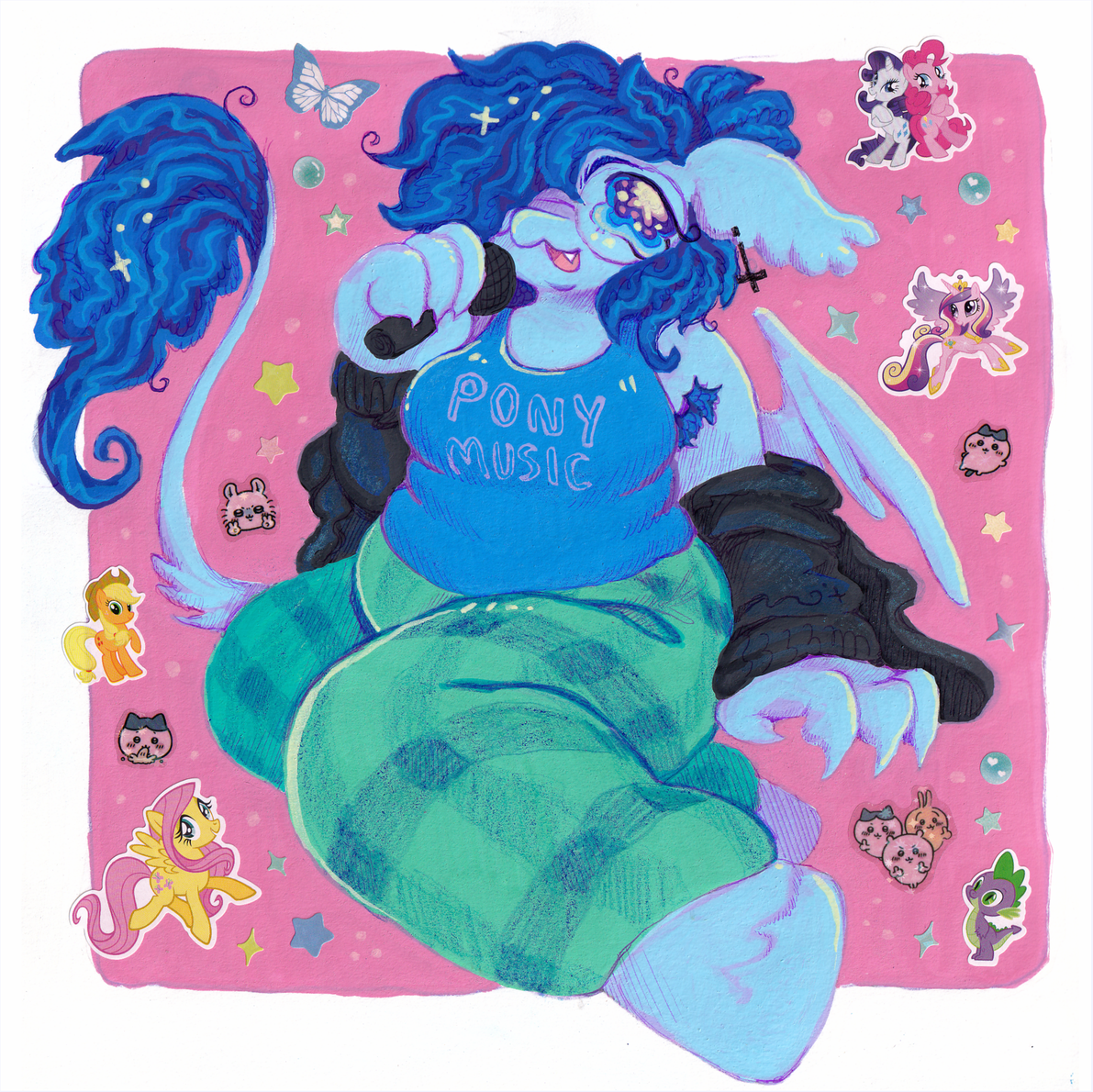
Lunarch is not canon to Wayfarer, calm down guys.

PONY
MUSIC

PONY
music

PONY

PONY
MUSIC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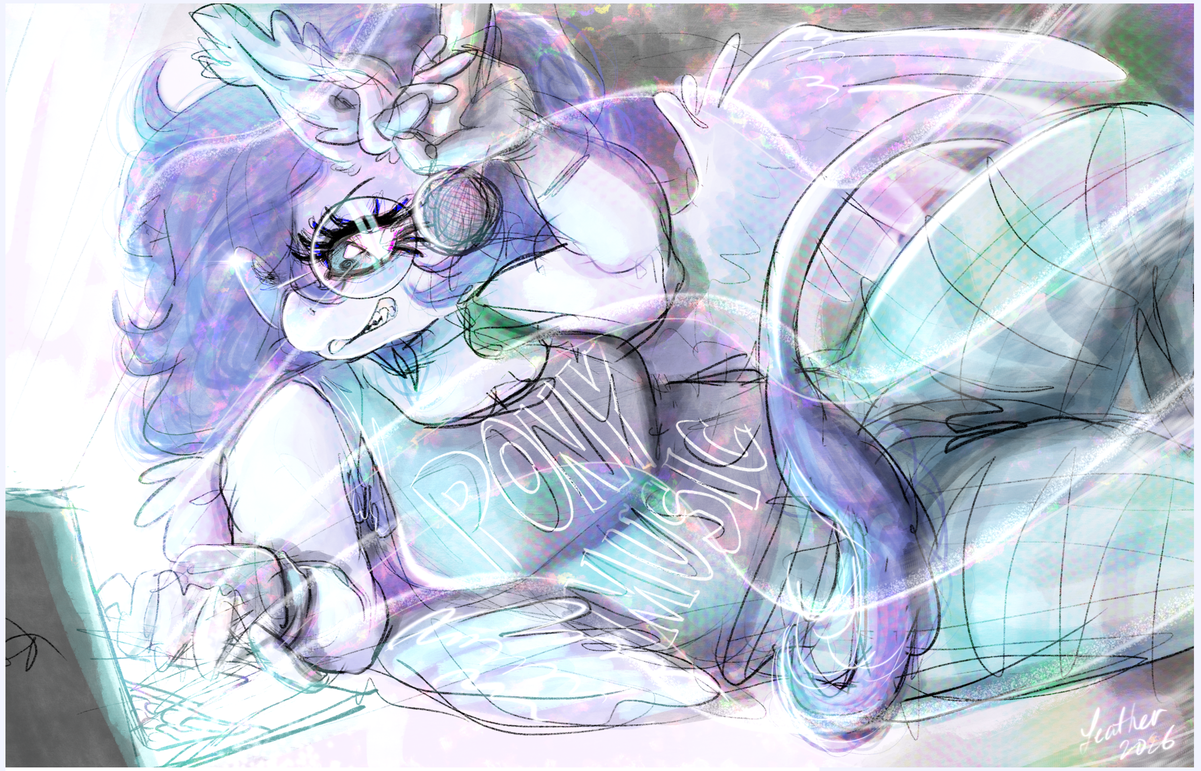
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